
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEB. 1807.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

She is of the best blood, yet betters it
With all the graces of an excellent spirit :
Mild as the infant rose, and innocent
As when Heav'n lent her us. Her mind, as well
As face, is yet a Paradise untainted
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.

BARON.

THE illustrious subject of the present memoir, our future Sovereign, if it shall please God to spare her life, was born on the 7th of January, 1796. To expect that the mental qualities of a child just entering upon her twelfth year should be fully developed, were absurd : but even at that early age an attentive observer may be able to form a conjecture of their future bent. If the contemplation of excellence in its meridian splendor be highly gratifying, it is scarcely less pleasing to anticipate that full radiance, from the prospect of its opening dawn. With this pleasing prospect the young Princess presents an expectant nation. To the subordinate accomplishments of polished education she joins the more solid qualifications of fondness for, and acquaintance with, sound religious truth and Christian virtues. Indeed, wretchedly perverse must that mind be, which could fail to imbibe these truly valuable principles, when assisted by so amiable

and able a preceptor as the noble prelate, Bishop Fisher, of Exeter, to whom the important task of the education of the Princess, in a concern which relates no less to the temporal happiness of her future subjects, than to her own eternal welfare, is confided. That is indeed a most mistaken notion which imagines, that the religious principles of the Sovereign have no influence on the interests of his subjects. It cannot be called presumption to say, that to the Christian piety and moral conduct, (the latter of which can only be properly grounded on the former) of our present Monarch, we owe in great measure the forbearance of Almighty God, in averting from us those desolating horrors, which have overwhelmed countries where Deism, Scepticism, and Infidelity disgraced the Rulers: That to his example we are indebted for the many conspicuous instances of Christian excellence yet visible in this kingdom, though unfortunately it has not that general influence, which its excellence deserves, and our dearest interests so earnestly require. *Long, very long* may it be before we lose the cheering radiance and the invigorating influence of the bright Sun of our political hemisphere: but highly consolatory must it be to the breast of every Briton, to perceive in the dawning virtues of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the prospect of being enabled to say, when that melancholy event shall, in the course of Providence, take place,

" *Mira cano; Sol occubuit, Nox nulla secuta est.*"

The Sun has set, but, lo! no Night ensues!

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. CI.

ALTHOUGH the severity of the weather has brought a return of those rheumatic attacks to which my age renders me more immediately liable, yet am I so anxious to keep my place in society, and to continue an employment which has occasionally recreated my mind for these seven years past, that, with my head partly absorbed in flannel, I once more greet my numerous friends through the regular channel of "*The Lady's Museum.*" In proportion as every

added year commences and expires, it is but natural that I should feel increased symptoms of corporeal decline. Yet the warm glow of gratitude kindles in my breast, as I reflect on the tempests of life that are past : on the perils, the follies, and dangers, of my youth, through which I have been preserved ; and on that peaceful haven of tranquil mediocrity, in which my old age is permitted to repose. A new *year* is an awful, soul-awakening period to one, who has seventy-eight times witnessed the revolutions of the seasons : for such may fairly be considered as on the threshold of eternity. The mind will at such a period sometimes take a retrograde motion : happy then the mortal who can reflect on a well-spent life ; where repentance has wiped away the errors of youth, and left the soul serene and cheerful, reposing with confidence on the mercy of Heaven !

Satisfied that my readers are of that candid and principled order, who readily forgive a little unfashionable moralizing in an Old Woman, I shall make no apology for the gravity of the foregoing reflections. They have long been acquainted with the leading features of my character ; and though in defiance of the powerful, the great, and the gay, I will ever condemn customs and institutions, which are derogatory to reason, decorum, and virtue ; yet I trust they have never found me either illiberal, or ill-natured. I have been ever ready to allow due merit to the several improvements in the arts, the fashions, and tastes of the times, provided they do not infringe on the more important duties of life. In a word, I have never forgotten that *I once was young !* and the sweetest employment of my latter years has been, to guard my fair successors, by a well-timed and good-humoured caution ; with the sole view of promoting their consequence, respectability, and happiness.

In my early days, the softer duties of life, the amiable and invaluable catalogue of domestic virtues, constituted the charm and perfection of the female character : and so riveted is the picture on my mind, that the greatest beauty of person, aided by every ornamental accomplishment, could never interest me without them. “ *I admire that woman as an animated picture,*” said a genteel young man the other day, in my presence. He spoke of a celebrated beauty, who, without any thing which would now-a-days be

termed morally objectionable, possessed an indecorous freedom of speech, an assured air, a thirst for dissipation, and an extreme of fashionable display, that alarmed one's rational faculties, and placed her virtues in the back-ground.

Since my portrait has been exhibited to public view, many letters have reached me from females, complaining of the neglect and inattention of the male sex of the present day; and one of my most spirited and exasperated correspondents concluded with assuring me, that, in public places the men were mere *brutes*. One declared to me that Colonel Saunter absolutely chatted with, and complimented her at the Opera, during the whole of the ballet; and when it was over, instead (as she expected) of seeing her to her carriage, he turned round with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and said—"Is your barouche up? you must take care, there will be a devilish crash! good night to ye!" and thus he left her, bearish enough, I must confess!—Another of my young friends declared, that Sir Samuel Vainlove absolutely nodded to a girl of the town, while he was in conversation with her: and each of these afflicted and insulted fair begged the interposition of my pen, to rectify the errors of the *male world*. Having for some years past observed, with concern, the palpable degeneracy of this part of the community, as respects their deficiency in attention and respect to the opposite sex; and being fully convinced how ineffectual would be the pen of an *Old Woman*, when neither the charms nor the tongues of young ones can reclaim them; I simply answered my distressed correspondents in the following string of maxims, drawn from observation and reflection: *Respect thyself!—Make thyself scarce!—Preserve your distinction!—Let no man mistake you!*—A wise man has very justly remarked, that, "proverbs are the wisdom of nations!" and I confess I have always found a concise and pithy sentence, more effectually find its way to the heart, than an elaborate declamation. I am not one of those mistaken, though well-meaning, moralists, who insist, that the conduct of women decidedly forms that of the other sex. Alas! weak woman is too apt to assimilate; and the desire of being admired, distinguished, or beloved, sometimes involves them in the erroneous conclusion of forming their manners and habits to that standard which appears most to attract the

attention and homage of the other ; but women should know, that it is one thing to excite admiration, and another to inspire a pure affection ; and let them believe an Old Woman, who tells them, that men frequently *pursue* what they wish not to *retain*.

If the Almighty protracts my sojourn on this side the spheres, I purpose occasionally to introduce, for the consideration and benefit of my female readers, opinions on *true love*, and *true friendship* ; and I shall take occasion to point out to their notice, those various *minor* and often *worthless* qualities and emotions, by which they are too frequently deluded and betrayed. My assertions and conclusions will be drawn from *truth* and *experience* ; and shall be carefully preserved from that splenetic severity with which the aged sometimes mix their advice ; rendering their recipes ineffectual, and their medicines unpalatable.

At my time of life it is a consolatory employ to instruct or amuse the amiable and innocent of my sex ; and the expiring embers of talent and exertion glow with renovated lustre, at the prospect of guarding them from the delusions of youth and error ; and pointing out those solid principles and acquirements, by which their happiness is best secured.

But as I ever consider it judicious to blend amusement with instruction, I shall decline all further discussion for the present, and hasten to conclude this epistle with a short description of the family where I at present reside, and where I am destined to pass the remainder of the Christmas recess. My portraits will however exhibit the principles and customs of the OLD SCHOOL ; and therefore I do not expect they will obtain for me any fashionable distinction. But should any modern Miss be in the *sullens*, because her *rouge* is *too deep*, or *too pale*, because her mantua-maker has disappointed her of the elegant robe, which was to have formed a part of her evening artillery : should she have heard that her favorite *flirt*, Colonel Dangle, is on the point of marriage with her *rich* but *plain* friend, whom he had so often joined her in *quizzing* : should she feel faint, languid, and dissatisfied, with the mortifications, insipidity, and heartlessness of fashionable life ; and happen to take up this number of "The Lady's Museum ;" she may possibly sigh over the

picture of her earlier days, and draw a painful, yet salutary contrast, between *past* and *present* enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton have been familiar to me from my youth; and the grandfather of the former is about my own age. In those halcyon days, when love and hope smiled around, this worthy soul was a candidate for my hand: and though my engagement to a dear lamented object, whose shade I cherish, made me decline the honorable distinction, yet has the most pure and animated friendship subsisted between each family, through the progressive period of our lives. This venerable gentleman occupies the elbow chair, in the warmest corner of a large wainscotted parlour. He is clad in a crimson damask morning gown; and a college cap of green velvet, with cambric tassel on the crown; and a large Indian screen shelters him from the partial air of the China closet. His son and wife, with their son and daughter, (bearing from sixteen to nineteen years); an old coachman, co-eval with his grand-master: a footman, and two maid-servants; together with an old blind pointer of the squire's, and a tabby cat, whom time and habit has confirmed his familiar friend, constitute their domestic establishment. It is impossible to form an idea of a happier family!—My friend (whom I term the good patriarch) and his sylph-like grand-daughter, are mutually the toys of each other, often to the no small entertainment of the fire-side party. This sweet young creature, though as accomplished as a private gentlewoman need be, and as beautiful as man could wish, is the very child of cheerful, unaffected simplicity. She enjoys the pleasures natural to her years, with her *whole heart*; and she performs the domestic duties with equal alacrity. Mr. and Mrs. Morton are a couple who pursue happiness on the most rational grounds. They love the person and virtues of each other; and they readily compound for each other's infirmities.

The most perfect principle and order govern their family; and their hours and avocations are marked by the utmost exactness and regularity. The balls and entertainments given by the neighbouring gentry, and the company received at home by the young man, when from college, are the only circumstances which are allowed to infringe on the general order of the household.

The whole of the family meet at eight in the morning—(hearken, ye moderns!)—*to prayers!*—These are concise, animated, and energetic effusions of thanksgiving and praise, appealing to the heart, and adapted to the understanding. Breakfast is usually over by half past nine; after which, the household concerns are investigated by Mrs. Morton, attended by her daughter; and the broken food is distributed with their own hands to the poor of the neighbourhood, who assemble at a regular appointed hour. While these duties are fulfilling, Mr. Morton is inspecting the out-door concerns—visiting the stables, the garden, and plantations; and when Frances ascends from the offices, she usually reads to her venerable grandsire the papers of the day. Music, drawing, the languages, walking, riding, with a little ornamental acquirements, alternately occupy the time till dinner. This meal is distinguished by its plenty, simplicity, and hospitality. Except at those dinners, necessarily given to the neighbouring families, excess and luxury are exploded; nor even *then* is anything permitted to furnish the table that is tortured in its preparation by the cruel refinements of pampering art. I do not suppose any of this *unfashionable set* would allow *crimped fish* at their table, on any pretence whatever. The male branches of the family never remain over their wine above *half an hour* after the ladies have retired, except on those days when public company is received. The evenings are usually passed at this season of the year in conversation on various subjects; or reading select novels, and other light and modern works, for the amusement of the old gentleman. At eleven, all the household again assemble to offer their evening sacrifice of thanksgiving. Before twelve, all are retired to rest; and in the morning, refreshed and invigorated by "*the sweet restorer*," each enters on their respective duties, with every signal of cheerfulness and good-humour.

Warned by the *increased twinges* in my shoulder, I leave it to my readers to draw the comparison which may naturally follow, between the *old* and the *new school*; and sincerely hoping that such reflections may produce a reformation in the *one*, and respect for the *other*, I beg leave to subscribe myself a friend to the *virtues* of each.

THE ENTERTAINING SELECTOR.**NO I.****BY SIGMA.**

We are born rich, and yet our whole education consists in borrowing; we are taught to accumulate continually, and, like true misers, we choose rather to use the wealth of other men, than break into our own store.

MONTAGNE.

It would be well, before I introduce my selections, to give my readers some idea with regard to my mode of collecting them, that (if they please) they may follow the same interesting mode of instruction.—Know, then, I have a book which I fancifully call, "*Pen, Ink, and Paper, ready while reading,*" in which I transcribe any thing curious or striking from books of all descriptions that fall in my way. It is from this source I intend furnishing this paper. I shall not present them at random, but give them some kind of order, and make each paper the vehicle of one subject, and if they prove entertaining to the reader, I shall be highly gratified. My first paper I call,

"Curious Observations on the Customs and Manners of Females in different Countries."

In West Greenland the women are subjected to carry heavy loads even from their younger years; their dress is chiefly skins, and they perform the offices of butcher, cook, currier,—make also cloaths, shoes, boots, build and repair their houses and tents as far as regards the masonry; the men only doing the carpenters work.

In Sweden the women go to plough, row on the water, serve Bricklayers, and do all the common drudgeries in husbandry.

The women in Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and, in the district of Samogitia particularly,

make them wear little bells before and behind to give notice where they are, and what they are about.

In lower Valais (says Mr. Rousseau) there is a custom extremely embarrassing to a Frenchman, and which is even practised in the houses of magistrates themselves:—I mean that of their wives and daughters standing behind one's chair and waiting at table, like so many servants.

In China, smallness of feet is reckoned a principal part of their beauty, and no swathing is omitted, when they are young, to give them that accomplishment; so that when they grow up, they may be said to totter instead of walk. “ Of most of the women we saw, (says Sir George Staunton) even in the middle and most inferior classes, the feet were most unnaturally small or truncated; they appeared as if the fore part of the foot had been accidentally cut off, leaving the remainder of the usual size, and bandaged like the stump of an amputated limb: they undergo much torment, and cripple themselves in a great measure, in imitation of ladies of higher rank, among whom it is the custom to stop, by pressure, the growth of the ankle, as well as the foot, from the earliest infancy, and leaving the great toe in its natural position, forcibly to bend the others, and retain them under the foot, till at length they adhere to, as if buried under the sole, and can be no more separated.

In an account of the Island of Formosa, (situated in the twenty second degree of northern latitude) written by George Candidus, a missionary to that place, published in 1752, a cruel religious ceremony is described regarding females; who, he says, perform all the offices of husbandry, and possess their own plantations, independant of their husbands, never residing in the same house: according to their religious tenets, females are not allowed to bring forth live children till they have attained their thirty-seventh year; at a certain period of pregnancy they are obliged to give notice to their priestess, who attends them, and by some noxious drug, and violent pressure, produce abortion.

He continues, by saying, that a certain woman told him, that she herself had been subjected to this horrid custom sixteen times. During pregnancy they are seldom at home, but live for the most part abroad in fields, where they have little huts built on purpose to sleep in. He adds, all other nations, as far as I know, make use of men for their priests to sacrifice and attend the rites belonging to divine worship; these people are the only one who have women for their priestesses, whom they call Inibs.

Dr. Smollet, speaking of the natural levity of the French, concludes by saying; "I shall only mention one custom more which seems to carry human affectation to the very farthest verge of folly and extravagance, that is, the manner in which the faces of ladies are primed and painted. It is generally supposed, that part of the fair sex, in other countries, make use of *fard* and vermillion for very different purposes, namely, to help a bad or faded complexion, to heighten the graces or conceal the defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I shall not inquire whether it is just and honest to impose in this manner on mankind; if it is not honest, it may be allowed to be artful and politic, and shows, at least, the desire of being agreeable. But to lay it on, as the fashion in France prescribes to all ladies of condition, who cannot appear without this badge of distinction, is to disguise themselves in such a manner as to render themselves odious and detestable to every spectator who has the least relish left for nature and propriety: as for the *fard* or *white*, with which their necks and shoulders are plastered, it may be in some measure excusable, as their skins are naturally brown, or sallow; but the *rouge*, which is daubed on their faces, from the chin up to the eyes, without the least art or dexterity, not only destroys all distinction of features, but renders the aspect really frightful, or at least conveys nothing but ideas of disgust and aversion. Without this horrible mask, no married lady is admitted at court, or in any polite assembly, and it is a mark of distinction which none of the lower classes dare assume.

THE
ATTACHED INDIAN.

Her eyes, like gems, beneath their brows were set,
Her teeth were iv'ry, still her face was jet;
Tall was her stature, as her shape was neat,
Her fingers small, and delicate her feet;
Then from her lips such melting accents broke,
That *driv'rs* almost *felt* when *Quashy* spoke!

THESE lines, which have been extracted from a poem, written by the celebrated Captain Morris, under the title of *Quashy, or the Coal-black Maid*, are so completely applicable to the person of the unfortunate Indian, whose affecting history it is my intention to relate, that they may, in fact, be considered not only as bearing a resemblance, but being an accurate portrait.

The bonds of friendship having attracted me a few months back to Portsmouth, for the purpose of bidding a long adieu to a young man who had chosen a military life, my attention was suddenly attracted by the plaintive tones of a female voice. The evening was too far advanced for me to distinguish her person, or that of the companion to whom she was addressing her discourse; but in a voice attuned to harmony, I distinctly heard the lovely mourner exclaim:—
“Gone! Oh, no! Do not tell such wicked tidings.—No, no; Charlotte vil not believe.”—“It is *true*, upon my soul,” replied her companion; “and as he could not support the pang of taking leave, he entreated me to inform you that he was bound to another by the most sacred ties; for a few months, previous to his quitting England, he married the only daughter of Sir Henry B——.”

A faint shriek announced the alarming effect of this intelligence. I impulsive moved forward, when a voice demanded “who was there?” and upon mentioning my name, I was entreated to assist a lady who had fallen in a fit. Had not my feelings been interested by the short conversation I have related, the appeal would have been sufficient to rouse all the sympathies of my heart; and I did not require a second invitation to render every assistance in my power.—

As we were not many yards from the dock-yard, I proposed conveying the insensible sufferer there, who recovered her respiration just as we entered the gates. A violent flood of tears relieved the anguish of her bosom from the overwhelming pangs it had sustained; and upon candles being brought, I could scarcely avoid expressing my admiration at the perfect symmetry of the form I beheld.—*Form!* did I say? a more lovely set of features the hand of nature never assembled in one face; and though her complexion could neither boast of *roses* or *lilies*, yet her beauty did not appear obscured by the shade.

The person of Yarico instantly occurred to my imagination, as described in Mr. Addison's celebrated work; and that a *second Yarico* now appeared before me, from the sorrow which overwhelmed her, scarcely admitted of a doubt. Her dress was at once elegant, yet simple, and peculiarly calculated to display her lovely shape, which might have vied with the *Medicean Venus*; for every limb seemed formed by the hands of a Grace. My friend (for he proved to be a very old acquaintance,) said every thing in his power to sooth the perturbation of her mind, and it did not require much penetration to discover the warm interest she had excited in his heart.

"Allow me to send for a carriage," said he, "to convey you to your lodgings; for I am persuaded you are too *weak to walk*."—"No, no!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in an agony; "me vil never go into dat bad house again; me never liked dat wicked Mrs. Benson, for she talk to me *not pretty things*; but my dear Clement told me I was *foolish*, and dat Mrs. Benson vas his very good friend. But poor Charlotte no friend—nobody to take care of her; and all me vants is to lay me down and die!"

This distressing declaration was accompanied by such affecting gesticulations, that every sympathetic feeling was roused; and though I was then unacquainted with her history, I could have sacrificed the villain who had destroyed her peace of mind. Captain Byron (which was the name of the gentleman who had unintentionally excited such contending passions in the bosom of this sable fugitive,) instantly directed a look towards me which it was not difficult to comprehend, and taking leave of the lovely mourner, I in-

formed him I was going to spend the evening at the ship.—I ordered supper for *two*, believing he would follow me; but two hours elapsed before he appeared, and I had just taken my solitary refreshment, when he entered the room. My first inquiry was—"How have you disposed of that lovely creature? for *lovely* she *doubtless is*, in spite of nature's shade."—"I have placed her in safe hands, and left her more tranquil; for she resolutely refused returning to Mother Benson's again.—But how is it," continued my friend, "that such a *phlegmatic fellow* should appear so warmly interested in the fate of that unfortunate girl?"

I easily retorted Byron's raillery, and ordering a fresh veal-cutlet to be dressed, entreated him to indulge me with the history of this jetty maid. The *passion of love*, it was evident, had not destroyed my friend's appetite, and as he had promised to gratify my curiosity as soon as he had finished his repast, I watched with indescribable impatience to see his knife and fork crossed. The important business of *eating* being concluded, Byron insisted upon being treated with a bowl of rack-punch; this was accordingly put upon the table, and he commenced his narrative in the following words:—

" You know Sir Clement Danvers, though, I believe, you have no personal intimacy with him; but you are no stranger to the insinuation of his manners, or the manly charms of his face—in short, the *ladies* consider him as a perfect *Adonis*, and the men all view him with envious eyes. About two years have elapsed since he was intrusted with a command in India; for he is allowed to be both gallant and brave, and in that country he performed such feats of valour as have completely immortalized his name. But to make use of a scriptural expression, 'the *battle* is not always to the *strong*'; for the detachment which poor Danvers commanded, was surrounded by a much superior force.—He was too well acquainted with the disposition of his conquerors, not to be convinced that *captivity* would be followed by *Death*, and *that* in a form the most torturing that human imagination could devise.

" Whilst these barbarians were rejoicing at their victory, and their loud acclamations actually rent the air, Danvers endeavoured to arm his mind with fortitude, and prepare

the companions of his misfortune with equal composure to meet their fate. Their deafening plaudits having at length subsided, a council of their chiefs was called, and Sir Clement having acquired a superficial knowledge of their language, soon heard the fate of himself and his partners in misery pronounced. *He* (as might naturally be supposed) was the peculiar object of their aversion, from the variety of victories which his valour had obtained; and on *him* they resolved to exert the utmost power of invention, and render *Death doubly terrible*, by excruciating pains!

"After stripping, or rather *tearing*, his clothes from his body, they coercively bound his arms behind him with his cash, and with a pointed staff drove him before them until they arrived at the habitation of their eldest chief. The men whom he had commanded were suffered to follow unmolested, for they were neither goaded or stripped; but upon reaching the place of destination, he beheld all the torturing ensigns of death. Fainting with fatigue, and exhausted by exertion, he gazed upon these infernal symbols with the greatest composure of mind, confirmed in the opinion, that in a few short moments his noble spirit would take its flight!—Delusive hope!—Vain expectation!—To prolong the sufferer's anguish is the chief object with these men—*Men* did I say! they are unworthy the appellation, although created by an Almighty Hand.

"A circle was soon formed round the ill-fated Danvers; he was forcibly placed upon a bench; then two of his savage executioners commenced their tortures, by placing hot stones under his feet, and so intense was the pain produced by this application, that the surrounding woods re-echoed with * his shrieks! After removing the stones, they made use of an application which, in a few minutes, assuaged the insupportable torture he had undergone, and at the same time one of the Indians, who seemed not wholly insensible to his sufferings, offered him a glass of cordial, distilled from rice.

"Great as had been the pangs this poor fellow had suffered, they were but a prelude to those he was destined to

* The reader may assure himself that this is no imaginary picture of the barbarities which are exercised by this savage race.

endure; and at the sound of a war instrument, a large body of females appeared. This sight totally appalled the spirits of Sir Clement, who was too well acquainted with the custom of the country, not to know the cruel purpose for which they met, and prostrating himself upon the ground before the man who had before testified some feeling of humanity, he implored * him to put a speedy period to his life. The fiat, however, was passed, and a lingering death was believed the portion of Sir Clement Danvers, and all those who had fought under his command: the females approached to perform their fiend-like office, whilst *two* of these *savages* seized his *person*, and a *third* grasped him round the neck!

" Unable to make the slightest exertion, (for his hands had been previously bound,) Danvers beheld a young Indian approach him, whose countenance bore traces of pity and concern. Imperfect as was his knowledge of the Oriental language, yet he resolved to solicit the preservation of his life, and as tears supplied the deficiency of expression, her heart was instantly touched by these silent marks of grief. The needle which had been *heated* for the purpose of *piercing* his *eye-balls*, suddenly dropped from her trembling hands, and prostrating herself before the chief, (who was her father,) she implored him *not* to put his prisoner to death. A council was again summoned, at which the beautiful Pe-kone attended, and publicly solicited the captive's life, declaring at the same time, that she would be answerable for his never taking up arms against the Indians again.

" To shorten my story, the amiable girl's request was granted; but Danvers had the misery of beholding all his countrymen expire, under a combination of tortures greater than the human imagination can conceive. That *lore* is a *passion* sudden and impetuous, the most phlegmatic beings will not deny; and in a country where *climate* gives force to *constitution*, its power naturally rises to a greater height.—The personal attractions of Danvers had doubtless been the

* It is a well known fact, that, in barbarous countries, the females take an active part in depriving prisoners of war of their lives, and to them is allotted the dreadful office of running hot needles into the unfortunate captive's eyes.

means of preserving his existence : *love* had inspired *pity* in the youthful Pekone's breast, and ungrateful must have been the wretch, whose life she had ransomed, if he had not returned the tender flame. That stolen pleasures possess a refinement superior to those which are *easily purchased*, does not admit of a doubt ; but as Danvers was aware that *death* must follow *detection*, he used all his influence with the lovely Indian to induce her to abscond.

"The difference of their religion, the strong affection she felt towards her parents, united to the dread of leaving her native country, and seeking shelter in a foreign land, made Pekone for some months firmly resist his proposal ; but at length, by *prayers* and *persuasions*, those difficulties were overcome, and she not only consented to encounter the dangers which must necessarily have attended their elopement, but embraced his religion as soon as she had an opportunity of being baptised. The name of *Charlotte* was substituted for that of *Pekone* immediately upon quitting a merchant's ship, which had received them on board ; and they arrived at Portsmouth, after having encountered difficulties and dangers which few females could have sustained. These, instead of lessening, seemed to *increase* Charlotte's tenderness : Danvers, for a length of time, appeared truly sensible of the sacrifice she had made, and of the obligation she had conferred upon him, by the preservation of his life. He taught her English, instructed her in the duties of that religion which his persuasions had induced her to embrace, and told me it was his intention to procure her the first masters, and in a few months legally make her his wife. Previous to their quitting India, they had been united ; for even a *Brahmin* could not withstand the force of a bribe, and with the treasures which Pekone had put into the possession of her lover, he contrived to make the priest favour his flight.

"You know, my dear fellow," continued Byron, "the intimacy which has long subsisted between Danvers and myself, and in consequence of this, upon his arrival at Portsmouth, he made me acquainted with his intended plan.—At my request he introduced me to his intended.—I was *charmed*—nay, I was perfectly *captivated* with the delicate turn of her mind : she is at once the complete child of nature, yet her soul and *sentiments* are actually sublime. As

the impetuosity of passion subsided, an obstacle to marriage occurred to my friend, and this, as you may suppose, was no other than the *colour* of the unfortunate girl's skin. Severe were the conflicts this circumstance gave rise to—most sacredly had he sworn to make the amiable Charlotte his wife, and the obligations she had conferred upon him were so *strong* and *binding*, that honour called upon him to fulfil the promise he had made. In an evil hour, however, he imparted every circumstance of Charlotte's history to his mother, who, shocked at the base idea of his marrying a woman of *shade*, travelled post down to Portsmouth for the purpose of preventing her son from committing such an act of disgrace. Had she come *unattended*, her arguments might have proved unavailing; but, unfortunately, she was accompanied by a most fascinating girl, the daughter of a clergyman, in the neighbourhood, whose personal attractions, though dazzling, were eclipsed by her wit. With the family of Lady Danvers Dr. Lessington had long been in the habits of intimacy, though, when Sir Clement went abroad, his daughter was not more than fifteen; but a few years had made a wonderful alteration, both in this young lady's person and mind. With the former Danvers was struck, with the latter, enchanted; though she rallied him most unmercifully upon his intended scheme, and declared that nothing would give her equal satisfaction, to see him dandling the future *sable* heir of Danvers Castle, whom, she satirically assured him, she should think as valuable as a little dog of King Charles's breed.

"This *well*, or *ill-timed* raillery, fixed his wavering resolution, and though he could not bear the idea of abandoning poor Charlotte, he determined never to make her his wife; but what stamped him as a villain in my opinion, he removed her from a respectable lodging into Mrs. Benson's house. Benson, without being *openly notorious*, is *more* than a *suspicious character*, and Danvers evidently placed Charlotte under her protection, under the hope that she might corrupt her mind, and give him a pretext for declining an engagement, which, when under the influence of gratitude, he had solemnly vowed to perform.

"Lady Danvers had evidently brought the too fascinating Clarissa Lessington for the purpose of enslaving the heart of

her versatile son, and the plan fully answered her most sanguine expectation; for she had not been more than a fortnight at Portsmouth, when he made her an offer of his hand. The proposal, as you may imagine, was eagerly accepted; for though Doctor L. is a man of family, and ranks high in the Church, yet, from *pride* and *ostentation*, he has lived in a style of elegance far beyond what he is able to support. Though Danvers had always treated me with unbounded confidence, yet he was too well acquainted with the rectitude of my heart, to impart to me his dishonourable intention towards the former object of his regard; and I could scarcely believe him capable of an action which must degrade him in the opinion of every honest man.

"About a week has now elapsed since I called at Benson's, and found the too credulous Charlotte in tears, and upon pressing her to inform me from what cause they proceeded, she told me she had not seen her Clement for two days, and that upon parting, he had *rebuked* her with *severity* for refusing an invitation of her landlady's to tea.—'But me no like dat woman, Captain Byron,' said the amiable creature; 'me no tink she has *one good heart*; she talk tings to me;—oh, *sad tings*, I assure you!—Not vat a young woman should hear.' The chastity of her ideas, and the refinement of her sentiments, have raised her so high in my esteem, that, by Heaven! I would marry her to-morrow, if I thought I could inspire her with mutual regard; but upon my attempting to kiss her hand on the day I allude to, she withdrew it with an air of sweetness and reproach, exclaiming—'Oh, no; dat must not be, Captain Byron; *only* my Clement ever *kiss dis hand*.'

"What a lesson of pure chastity, my friend, was this to English ladies!—By Heaven! I could have worshipped the angelic girl!—But, to return to the ungenerous Danvers: upon taking leave of Charlotte, I met him, arm-in-arm, with Miss L——, and I contrived, *en passant*, to say I wished to speak with him upon a subject which would not admit of delay. He came in less than an hour; confusion marked his manly features, for, doubtless, he suspected my design. I then candidly related what had passed between me and Charlotte, and reproached him for having placed

her under the protection of a woman whose character was so doubtful as Mrs. B.'s."

"I was prepared, my good fellow," said he, "for a *monitorial discussion*, yet I cannot refuse the charges you have made; my *passions* act in opposition to my better *judgment*, and *nature* has decreed, that I should be their *slave*!" "Nature!" I exclaimed, "then where is *principle*? where is *gratitude*, *honour*, and *faith*? if you forsake the much-injured Charlotte, I shall not hesitate to pronounce you a——." He clapped his hand before my mouth to prevent me from concluding the sentence, and intreated me to hear him speak, when with a sophistry that proved him lost to a sense of honour, he assigned a variety of reasons for the forfeiture of his word, and dwelt upon the *duty* he owed a *mother*, who had made numerous sacrifices to promote his happiness and peace.

"Allowing that *much* is due to an attached parent, (I rejoined) yet are you not equally bound to the Being who not only preserved your life, but sacrificed *friends*, *fortune*, and *country*, to follow you into a foreign clime? If Lady Danvers objects to your marrying the ill-fated Charlotte, she has no right to insist upon your marrying Miss L——; and *time* may reconcile the former, to the loss of your love; prepare her, by *degrees*, for the wound you meditate; convince her reason, and she will become resigned.

"You probe me to the quick! You have made me appear a *villain*! Yes, I acknowledge myself a *villain*! he exclaimed; but I have gone too far: to retreat, is impossible, and on *Monday* Clarissa Lessington becomes my *wife*. I *love*, I *adore*, I cannot *live* without her. Yet I *pity* poor *Charlotte* to my *soul*; and to prove I am not the ingrate you suppose me, I have settled upon her three hundred a year. I have done *more* than this, for I have written to Jackson, the worthy curate of D——, to intreat him to receive her into his family, for his wife is a character whom Charlotte will both *love* and *esteem*. I condemn myself for having placed her with Benson, yet it has been the means of convincing me that her mind is *pure*; though I acknowledge it was not for that purpose I made the experiment, for it was the *false opinion* I entertained of the female character which

induced me to err; as I ungenerously imagined the woman who would gratify the wishes of *one man*, might easily be induced to transfer her regard."

"I did not attempt to interrupt Danvers during this conversation, but upon his making a pause, I inquired whether Miss Lessington did not appear to commiserate the unfortunate Charlotte? as it was evident she knew her history, from the remark she had made upon his *sable heir*. "Com-miserate!" repeated the baronet, as if astonished at the question, "she commiserates her as one statesman would an other, who had filled his vacant place: no, my Clarissa is a perfect Thalia, and a *woe-worn* companion would never suit *me* for a *wife*."

"I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, or believe Danvers capable of acting so base a part; but I was prevented from making any farther observation, by the entrance of Colonel Baird; the conversation of course then became general, and on the following morning I quitted Portsmouth at four o'clock. Upon my return, at the expiration of five days, I found a letter from Sir Clement upon my writing desk, the purport of which was to intreat me to impart the intelligence of his marriage to the unfortunate girl, and at the same time to present her with half-year of her annuity in advance: he implored me, by the friendship which had once subsisted between us, to soften his conduct to the injured Charlotte, and declared that he *was married previous* to his voyage to the *east*. My heart at first recoiled at this *double deception*, but a little cool reflection convinced me it would soften the wound I was about to inflict, and therefore I determined to follow the advice of my unprincipled friend.

"As I was under the necessity of attending a court martial, I had not an opportunity of calling upon the ill-fated Charlotte until late this afternoon, when I was informed by Mrs. Benson, that she had just taken a solitary walk. She directed me towards the beach, knowing *that* to be her favourite ramble, and I had scarcely enquired after her health when she burst into tears, and grasping my arm with a force that proved the anguish of her feelings, told me she was certain she had lost her beloved Clement's heart, for that

she had only twice seen him during the whole of the preceding week.

" You have *not* lost his heart, my dear Charlotte ; (said I) for he both loves and esteems you ; it is *necessity*, not *choice*, that keeps him away ; but I grieve to say he has been guilty of an action which I fear will imbitter his whole life. I paused—the agitated girl clasped her hands together; tears fortunately came to her relief, and after a few moments silence, she besought me to proceed. As I perceived her mind was worked up to the highest pitch of agony, I resolved not to torture her by *suspense* ; and upon her inquiring when I last saw her lover, I candidly informed her he had left Portsmouth. At this intelligence she gazed wildly around her, and in a voice of terror and astonishment, exclaimed, " Gone ! " But I need say no more, for you, my dear friend, *witnessed* the alarming effect this intelligence produced."

Here Byron closed his melancholy narration, which I blush not to acknowledge drew tears from my eyes; but I think the immortal Young says, in his beautiful *Night Thoughts*, " *Shame to the man, who is ashamed to weep !*" I was too much interested in the fate of the luckless Charlotte to suffer Captain B—— to depart without informing me by what means he had composed the perturbation of her mind, for upon entering the apartment he told me he had left her calm and resigned. " Her ingenuous heart (said he) was at first shocked at the deception which had been put upon it, but I soothed its resentment by dwelling upon her *personal charms*, which doubtless are sufficient to have warmed the bosom of an anchorite, and to those I attributed a failing too common at a youthful period of life. I first *condemned*, and then endeavoured to *palliate* his *conduct* in promising marriage when he knew that promise could *not* be *performed* ; and finding she was resolved not to return again to Benson's, I immediately waited upon the worthy Mrs. Moore, briefly related Charlotte's affecting history, and intreated her to receive the lovely mourner under her friendly roof : this office it was that detained me so long from you. I was likewise under the necessity of calling upon that intriguing devil B——, who, provoked at

the loss of so profitable a lodger, bestowed upon me a plentiful share of abuse."

So warmly were my feelings interested in the fate of the neglected Charlotte, that upon Byron's departure, when I retired to my chamber, sleep refused its balmy power, and Phoebus darted his rays into my window, long before I was able to close my eyes: this unusual effect of an anxious imagination, made me unwilling to rise at the usual hour, and the clock had just struck ten when Byron entered my bed-chamber, and without articulating a sentence, threw himself into a chair. So marked a sadness had overwhelmed his features, that I was persuaded some unexpected calamity had occurred, and alarmed at the agitation he laboured under, I conjured him to make me acquainted with the cause. Tears rolled down his manly cheeks in rapid succession, but the power of articulation was actually denied. I presented him with a glass of cold water, when clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Oh! why was not some delegated Angel sent from Heaven to preserve her valuable life?"

A crowd of vague ideas rushed instantly upon my imagination, and that some fatal accident had happened to the unfortunate Charlotte, struck forcibly upon my mind. I again besought him to repose a confidence in a friend, who would not only *share*, but endeavour to mitigate his grief. He perused, and then drew a letter from his pocket, which he put into my hand, and in a few concise words informed me, that the object of our *mutual solicitude* was *dead!*

He had left her, as I before observed, the preceding evening in a calm and composed state of mind, apparently grateful for his kindness, and pleased with the maternal attentions of the amiable Mrs. Moore. After supping tête à tête with her humane hostess, and at her request taking a small quantity of wine, she proposed retiring to her chamber, and requested to be indulged with paper and pens. As she spoke the English language *imperfectly*, Mrs. Moore expressed her astonishment at her being *able* to *write*, and intreated her to defer it until the morning, fearing it would deprive her of sleep. Charlotte, however, with a smile,

assured her she should sleep *sounder* after having wrote; and in reply to the astonishment expressed at her being able to do it, said, that the master who taught her, had not spared any pains, and that from her anxiety to prove grateful for his instructions, she used to study *six or eight* hours in the day. This account I received from Captain Byron, after having perused the affecting transcript of her thoughts, of which I took a faithful copy previous to its being sent to Sir Clement Danvers.

TO SIR CLEMENT DANVERS.

" And has Clement forsaken his own poor Charlotte ! Oh, no ! me cannot believe ! And yet my throbbing heart be bursting, and my head—oh ! how my head ache ! Captain Byron weep over me, when he tell me the sad news ! oh, my Clement ! why you deceive poor Charlotte ? Why you tell *her*, she be your *life*, your *soul* ; and when she learn to behave like English lady, then you make her English wife ?

" You tell Charlotte your *God* know you speak truly ! oh, that was a sad, sad thing ! your *God* no let you deceive a poor girl, and let you bring her away from all her friends. My poor father, I know, cry. My dear Mother—oh my dear Mother ! the wicked Charlotte break your heart. And Charlotte's heart break to think of all these things ! to think that your *God*, let such wicked stories tell. Yet Clement say to Charlotte, be a Christian ; and all Christians be always good men. No good to have a wife in England, and tell Charlotte you love her to your heart ; but I will pray your *God* to forgive you for it, and when I go to Heaven I will pray again there.

" You tell Charlotte, when you want her to be a Christian, all good people go to Heaven when they die ; my Father *good*, my Mother *better*, and my Brothers very *good indeed* ; so I shall see them all in Heaven, and tell them how poor Charlotte was deceived. No, my Clement, that is wicked thought ; no, I will not speak one word about you, only pray God when you die to come there. Then you may love your Charlotte, for you often tell me Heaven is all a place of love, and then I will love you in

spite of your wife.—Oh! Clement, I am sick, I am very bad; my heart throb out of my side, and my head turn round, round, round, and my poor hand shake!

“Now I am a little better; I look at my Clement's picture, and it smile at Charlotte; I kiss it, and say, good night. Bad again; I write more to *morrow*, for I must go to bed.”

Here this affecting epistle terminated; the agitated author of it, had just thrown herself across the feet of the bed, without being able to take off her clothes. The shock which her susceptible heart had received was of too poignant a description for the delicacy of her nature to sustain, and had not death put a final period to her sufferings, there is little doubt but she would have fallen a victim to the most deplorable disease, a broken heart.

From *delicacy* I have given a fictitious name to the destroyer of poor Charlotte's existence; though it is doubtful to many, whether she died of that agonizing disease, a *broken heart*; for it was generally believed she had swallowed a subtle poison, with which, upon quitting her native country, she had cautiously been prepared. I have accurately transcribed the ill-fated girl's epistle; the only alteration is in the orthography of a few words, which, from her imperfect knowledge of the language in which it was written, could not fail to be false. It is her *sentiments* which are to be admired as a mixture of *reproach*, *love*, and *tenderness*: her ideas of the new religion she had embraced are at once *delicate* and refined; and uncharitable must be the mind, which will not hope that her crime has been expiated by her sufferings.

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

NO. VII.

ON account of my proposal in a former number for supplying unmarried ladies with husbands, I have an immense number of applications, as will be seen by the following

list, from which I have collected materials for the present paper:

	Applications.
For a Man of Rank, - - -	
Taste, - - -	A Coachman, - - - - - 14
Wit, - - -	A Cook, - - - - - 3
Fashion, - - -	A Sharper, - - - - - 6
Information, - - -	A Taylor, - - - - - 15
Carriage, - - -	A Barber, - - - - - 2
Spirit, - - -	A Porter, - - - - - 7
Gallantry, - - -	A Cellerman, - - - - - 10
that would live if he could, - - - - -	A Ladies Footman, - - - 16
	One about to be Hung, - 37

Dear Mr. Rover,

I have been sighing for a husband these six months, but, in spite of youth and attractions, I have not been able to procure one; indeed so great was my despair that I began to look upon myself quite an old maid; but your kind promise, (and I have no doubt of your word) has cheered my spirits—I am all impatience to hear from you.—Apropos, I had almost forgotten; will you, Sir, be so obliging as to favor me with *a man that would live if he could?* No, no—I wont have him—as I am inclined to gaiety, I think a *man of gallantry* will best suit my disposition; and thus, Sir, by keeping your word,

You will oblige

Ω

FLIRTILLA.

Sweet Mr. Rover,

As you have volunteered your service to the ladies on that point which most materially interests their future happiness, I beg you will oblige me with *a man of information*; but if they are all engaged, *a man of spirit* will not be unacceptable; and, as I am acquainted with a number of ladies who as much need your assistance as myself, bat who have deferred their applications to await the issue of mine, I hope you will not disappoint

Ω

MARY PLAYFAIR.

Dear Sir,

If you perform half what you have promised, I think you will deserve the most cordial thanks of the nation; and should you include me in that half, I shall ever esteem myself your debtor. I am myself rather inclined to melancholy, yet am easily roused when in company with a cheerful companion; so that in my opinion *a man of wit* would be the husband best adapted to me; for his hilarity would tend to dispel my heaviness, while my gravity might avert the danger which men of wit are too liable to meet with, namely, that of suffering their spirits to overcome their reason, and you will oblige

Yours, obediently,

DOROTHY CRAB.

Ω
Mr. Rover,

You have presented your readers with such a list of spouses for the ladies that I know not which to select. Amongst them is *a man of carriage*: this character I cannot easily comprehend, but I suppose you mean a man of genteel carriage, or perhaps one who keeps his carriage; or is he a man fond of driving one, as most of our fashionable young men are? At all events, I shall not hesitate to declare myself in favor of *a man of carriage*: in either sense he will be perfectly agreeable to

Ω
CLARISSA WALKLOVE.

The letter from Miss A-la-mode is such a scrawl I can hardly read it: she proposes a tête-a-tête, and insists upon my introducing her to *a man of fashion*; but at the same time declares she must have a separate maintenance, her own chariot and servants, in fact, a separate every thing. But, to give my readers some idea of her stile, I beg to introduce a sentence from the body of the letter.—“ How great are the joys of matrimony in high life, I mean fashionable life. Now there's my Lord A—— and his lady; they never quarrel but when he examines his steward's accounts, and that's not very often,—and what's the reason of it?

Why, they never see one another from month's end to month's end. He is probably at Bath while her ladyship is at Brighton. Thus she can receive the polite attentions of a man of gallantry without the *haws and hums* of a fidgety husband.—How I hate to see a woman sit demure and prim, answering a paramour in sedate monosyllables, because she would not hurt the good man her husband, forsooth—absolute tyranny—more than any woman of spirit ought to bear.—I'll never submit to it." And so on.

Σ

Mr. Rover,

Sir, I hardly know what to think of you, or how to address you. I guess you are some growling old fellow who, under the mask of friendship, wish to insinuate into our secrets, or mayhap you may be some matrimony broker who advertise in the daily papers, promising to marry us in such a way as our husbands sha'n't know how they came by us. You must, indeed, have an extensive connection; but I am afraid you have promised more than you can perform; but, in good troth, I can't tell which to choose in your catalogue. I should not be easy with a *man of fashion*. If I had a *man of gallantry* I should be continually unhappy. A *man of rank* would not have me, as I have no fortune. A *man of spirit* would continually alarm me for his safety. As for *men of taste, information, or wit*, they could not afford to keep me. Now, the *man that would live if he could* would alone make a happy wife of

Σ

PRUDENCE.

Sir,

Pray dont let Mamma know I sent you this letter, because when she read your paper, she said you were only joking, but I didn't believe it; be that as it may, you have not put down the man for my money—he must be a tall, handsome, genteel young man; but I have written down more particulars, and have given them to our nursery maid, Betty, who says she knows you well, and will deliver them into your own hands the first time she sees you. If you should know any such man, tell Betty, and she will let you

know the next time we go out walking, where you may see us. We intend leaving the young tell-tale William at home; do you know he told Mamma of my last beau, and said he bought us cakes? now dont forget me, Mister Rover, and I shall esteem it a favour.

Σ

LE MELANGE.

NO. VI.

QUEEN MAUD, the wife of Henry the first of England, had these lines written on her, which at the same time, exhibit both a specimen of the poetry of that age as well as of her singular virtues.

When prosperous, not everjoyed ; when cross, not sad,
Things flourishing made her fear ; adverse, made glad ;
Sober, tho' fair ; lowly, tho' in throne p'aced ;
Great, and yet humble ; beautiful, yet chaste.

Reply to an inquiry after a just standard of Female Beauty.

Ask not of me th' essential form,
That high-priz'd beauty bears ;
Who shall describe the secret charm
That every breast ensnares ?
Require the answer from your heart,
For there the magic's found ;
Tis your own taste that points the dart,
And bids our beauty wound.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

The late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box of her *own* making. Voltaire, unwilling to be behind in etiquette, got his niece to instruct him in the art of knitting stockings, and actually finished the greatest part of a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this state, however, he sent them to

the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship wrought by a woman, he held it his duty to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work in return, from the hands of a man.

Erasmus relates the following anecdote:—Maceus a famous cheat, came into the shop of a shoemaker at Leyden, and saluted him: casting his eye upon a pair of boots that hung up, the shoemaker asked him if he would buy them: The other seemed willing: they were taken down, drawn on, and fitted him very well: "Now," said he, "how well would a pair of double-soled shoes fit these boots!" They were found, and fitted to his feet upon the boots. "Now," saith Maceus, "tell me true, doth it never so fall out, that such as you have so fitted for a race, as you have now done me, run away without paying?" "Never, said the other." "But," said he, "if it would be so, what would you then do?" "I would follow him," said the shoemaker. "Well," said Maceus, "I will try," and thereupon began to ran: the shoemaker immediately followed, crying, "Stop thief, stop thief!" At which the citizens came out of their houses: but Maceus laughing, "Let no man," said he, "hinder our race, for we run for a cup of ale." Whereupon all set themselves quiet spectators of the course, till Maceus had quite run away; and the poor shoemaker returned sweating, and out of breath, and declared how he had been dealt with.

THE VILLAGE SUNDAY EVENING.

Hark! 'tis the chorus of the village throng
That rises slowly on the list'ning ear;
Unskill'd the notes that swell the sacred song,
How artless those! the accents how sincere!
The rustic swain now wiles, in thoughtless stray,
The vacant hour, a well-spent week may claim,
Till rous'd as near the stone he bends his way,
Recording a lamented comrade's name,
He turns aside, and at the crowded style
He joins the praises of the much-lov'd youth;
His virtues call from all the approving smile,
Though sorrow's tears confirm the welcome truth,

The grateful tribute to departed worth
Transcends the fairest monument on earth.

As two ladies were knocking at a door in the afternoon service time (Sunday), a person who had the appearance of a gentleman, stepped up to the house and bowed to them. The door opened, and they all walked in together. After some conversation in the parlour, the gentleman began to wonder at his aunt's not returning from church, and to observe upon the length of the sermon, which he imagined must be the cause of it. The wished-for-lady, however, was soon heard at the door; and the gentleman instantly proposed a scheme to frighten his relation (pretty effectually as it turned out) for the diversion of the company. The scheme was, that he should slip into the next room with the silver tea-kettle and the lamp, in order that the lady, so soon as she should call for it, might conclude that it was stolen. As the lady came into the room, the gentleman made round to the passage; the maid opened the door, and he told her he should be back again immediately to tea. After the first compliments had passed amongst the ladies, the tea was called for: the visitors, who thought themselves in the secret, tittered; the lady of the house was at a loss to know the reason: she rang the bell; the maid missed the kettle; the alarm began, and (to make short of the story, the visitors were obliged to confess that the nephew had hid himself in the next room, with the kettle, on purpose to cause the surprise. The lady stared at the word nephew, having no relation of that denomination, the maid was a sufficient evidence of the gentleman's exit; and not the least doubt could remain what was become of the tea-kettle and lamp.

RONDEAU.

*By two black eyes my heart was won,
(Sure never wretch was more undone!)
To Celia with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.*

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

Going out to dinner ; no coach, dirty-streets ; silk stockings ; following on tiptoe a short fat woman in pattens, along a crowded way, anxiously hoping every minute to pass by her, when she suddenly stops to hitch on her patten, the sharp rim of which violently grates your instep, already sore from a previous accident.

Reading a very witty play to a small circle of friends, one of whom is so deaf, that at every exclamation of pleasure given by the rest, begs you would have the goodness to raise your voice, and repeat the passage.

Philip, King of Macedon, lost one of his eyes by a very singular accident. Besieging the small city Methone, a man named Aster, of Amphipolis, offered his services to Philip, telling him that he was so excellent a marksman, that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flight. The Monarch made this answer, " Well, then, I will take you into my service when I make war upon Starlings." This reply stung the archer to the quick, and here it was fully proved, that a repartee may be of fatal consequence to him who makes it. Aster having thrown himself into the city, let fly an arrow, on which was written, " to Philip's right eye." This carried a most cruel proof that he was a good marksman, for he actually hit him in the right eye. Philip, however, sent him back the arrow, with this inscription ; " If Philip takes Methone, he will hang up Aster :" and accordingly, having taken it, he was as good as his word.

EPITAPH ON A MR. PECK.

Here lies a peck, which some men say
Was first of all a peck of clay;
For sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death reliev'd this peck of troubles;
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies-- a peck of dust.

THE CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

[Continued from page 31.]

" It has been said that he who retires to Solitude is either a beast or an angel ; the censure is too severe and the praise unmerited ; the discontented being who retires from society is commonly some good-natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind."

GOLDSMITH.

REGINALD, delighted with the winning graces of the lovely Rosa, grew daily more and more indulgent, and with the tenderness of an anxious parent, busied himself in the pleasing task of instruction ; he made out a list of books, which Arnold procured from the neighbouring town, and Rosa proved an apt scholar ; he next instructed her in the use of the pen ; and, to encourage her and reward her for her attention, he suffered Arnold to purchase a guitar, which proved a most gratifying present to the lively Rosa ; thus the cave, from being a scene of gloomy horror, became gradually the abode of content and serenity. Rosa no longer shunned her protector with aversion, but became sensible of his superiority over the peasantry she had hitherto met with ; she began to look up to him with reverence not unmixed with love. She was allowed occasionally to visit the children of the good woodcutter, and these amiable young people soon cherished towards each other a friendship pure as unalterable. One day, Reginald returned from his accustomed solitary ramble, with an altered countenance : he caught Rosa in his arms with extreme agitation, and pressing her to his bosom cried, " Dost thou love me, Rosa ? " " Indeed, indeed I do," returned she, with affectionate ardour ; " but why this unusual question, dear Sir ? " " Ask me not now, Rosa," he returned, with increasing tenderness ; " business of importance calls me from you for several days ; only promise me that no persuasions shall induce you to quit the cave during my absence. I could not live without you, Rosa, and should you voluntarily abandon your unfortunate friend, oh ! Rosa, terrible, most terrible would be the consequence ;" he struck his forehead with his hand, and a look of desperation recalled to the memory of the appalled

Rosa emotions which had once made an impression on her mind which no subsequent kindness could wholly obliterate. "Be not thus anxious," cried she, grasping his hand: "I would not quit the cave without your permission for the world; but indeed the time will hang heavy on my hands while you are away, solitude is so irksome." Reginald sighed; "To you, my sweet girl, it may seem so; you have not felt the sting of ingratitude; the just hatred of mankind, which fills my soul, is as yet a stranger to your gentle bosom; I would preserve you from these miseries, from sensations which must agonize thy feeling breast even to madness; but my language is incomprehensible to you, and your ignorance is your bliss. Should you want amusement while I am away, you may turn over the contents of an old chest, which you will find in the passage which branches to the left of the cave: there you will find some old music and books, which will no doubt afford you entertainment for a much longer period. Arnold will take care that you do not want for provisions. And now, Rosa, I have another surprise for you; retire awhile, my love, and return when I call you." Rosa, lost in astonishment, withdrew behind the curtain with which Reginald had of late divided their places of repose: she remained there but a short time ere she was again summoned into the presence of Reginald; and her surprise was augmented by the transformation which his person had undergone. He had thrown aside the uncouth garb which had so long been his only covering, and now, in the elegant habit of an Italian nobleman, displayed all the native grace of his form. Rosa gazed on him with unconcealed admiration, and he could not suppress a smile at the whimsical expression of her countenance. "What do you think of this transformation, Rosa? I trust you are not displeased to find that I am not entirely the savage you thought me." "Indeed," replied Rosa, affectionately pressing his hand, "I am delighted with the change, and hope you will never again resume those disgusting habiliments." "That must depend upon circumstances, my girl, which I cannot at present explain; at my return you shall know more; let it now suffice that, for your sake alone, have I entered upon an undertaking which will in all probability determine my future destiny. Ask no questions, but

obey my injunctions implicitly; observe a profound secrecy as to what has passed between us, and shun the prying eye of curiosity. Should my stay exceed two days, and you find yourself dull, you may visit the cottage; but let your visits there be short, and observe the caution I have given you." Rosa promised willing obedience, and after embracing her tenderly, he departed. Rosa watched his progress from the mouth of the cave; he frequently looked back and waved his hand to her, till at length the gloom of the forest wholly obscured his figure. Rosa burst into tears; she felt as if left alone in the world, and terrible apprehensions filled her mind that her only protector and companion would be snatched from her. It was in vain she endeavoured to retrace the scenes of her infancy; confused ideas only floated in her imagination, which she found it impossible to connect or reduce to any certainty. The retiring sun now obliged her to light her lamp; sleep seemed banished from her aching eyes, and she took up her guitar to beguile the heavy hours, but her mind was agitated, and her favorite tunes had then no charm to sooth. Novelty must be tried: she recollects the old chest, and in a moment formed the determination of examining the contents. She accordingly took the lamp from the hook, and, with the impatience of curiosity, hastened into the recess: after turning over a number of things, which she considered mere rubbish, she perceived in one corner a packet of letters—the music was in an instant forgotten—she eagerly seized the prize, and returning to the habitable part of the cave, anxiously endeavoured to peruse the contents; it did not immediately occur to her, that the action was improper; a fair opportunity seemed to offer to discover mysteries which had long perplexed her, and she unfolded letter after letter in the hope of perceiving her own name; for Reginald, with his mistrustful caution, had never mentioned the total ignorance he was in, respecting her connections, but rather gave her to understand that she was particularly recommended to his protection. Yet still Rosa remained ungratified; the names were entirely unknown to her; but female curiosity still urged her to proceed, and every line increased her astonishment at a perfidy of which she had hitherto never formed an idea. Yet they in part revealed the cause of her unhappy

guardian's retreat from the world, at an age when most men enter with avidity into all its pleasures. The letters were written in an elegant female hand, and the contents ran thus—

LETTER I.

"YOUR last, dear Julian, filled me with concern—your illness alarms me.—Why am I condemned to this cruel separation, at a time when my tender affections might sooth the pains of disease, and calm the agitation of that too susceptible heart? yet doubt not that my whole soul is with you. It is in vain that Reginald would drag me from one scene of dissipation to another; I take no pleasure in his kindness; his fondness disgusts me; he seems astonished at the apathy with which I behold scenes to me so new to others so delightful;—he is full of a thousand tender apprehensions.—Troublesome creature! he pursues me like a shadow; even now I hear his steps, and the discordant omens grates on my ears!—It compels me to conclude this abruptly—it checks all the fond things I would have added.

"JULIA."

LETTER II.

"CALM your apprehensions, my beloved Julia; I am better, infinitely better; your sweet epistle was the healing balm which restored me to life and happiness.—And are your still faithful? has not the doating caresses of —— alienated your affection from your poor Julian?—Oh, no! the conviction brings rapture with it!—our very names denote our inseparable union!—But, dearest creature! how did it happen that you forgot my request?—can you think that I would have taxed your generosity without pressing necessity?—I am ashamed to repeat my request; it must have been inconvenient, or Julia would not have suffered it to pass unnoticed.—I am too weak to write long letters—my love must excuse me.—Adieu!

"JULIAN."

LETTER III.

"PARDON me, Julian; anxiety for your health banished every other consideration from my mind.—I enclose you a sum larger than you required; *he* gave it to me this morning to discharge some petty bills; but I can make a thousand excuses to get a fresh supply, so accept it with-

out scruple.—But I have something still better to impart—Reginald is going from the Chateau for a week—there's tidings for you!—no doubt you will avail yourself of it.—Why should not my *brother* be as welcome as his *sister*—and my brother you must be. Reginald begins to entertain hopes of an heir!—We can laugh over that story when you come to the Chateau.—No more at present.

" JULIA."

Rosa, though incapable of comprehending the whole purport of these infamous letters, yet understood enough to convince her that the confidence of Reginald had been grossly abused, and she tossed them from her with indignation. The night was already far advanced; her mind, diverted from her own solitary situation by the wrongs of him who was now regarded by her with more tender esteem, gradually recovered its former serenity, and she soon composed herself sufficiently to enjoy the sweet sleep of innocence. In the morning Arnold paid her a visit; he was surprised at the absence of Reginald, and hazarded innumerable conjectures. Rosa was silent as to what had passed previous to his departure, as well as on the subject of the letters she had found; and Arnold in vain endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him home. On the following day, however, he was more successful; lively joy sparkled in the eyes of young Lucius at the sight of her, and the afternoon was spent in innocent hilarity. At an early hour Rosa returned to the cave, and could not but shudder at the gloomy contrast it presented when compared with the cheerful party and comfortable fire-side at the cottage.

Rosa was now sixteen, and though habit had reconciled her to the inconveniences of the cave, she could not but consider her situation irksome, though respect for Reginald prevented her from expressing the least dissatisfaction.—This night in particular, Rosa felt all the horrors of her situation; the loud wind whistled through the trees, and every appalling blast struck terror to the heart of the unprotected girl. It was to no purpose that she called music to her aid; the overpowering whirlwind silenced her feeble strains; and though safe from the fury of the tempest which raged without, her depressed spirits felt its full influence. For sev-

ral hours Rosa remained in this uncomfortable state, when at length a calm succeeded, and she prepared to take that repose of which she stood so much in need, when a cry of distress assailed her ears, and again excited sensations of alarm. For some moments she listened attentively—the cry was repeated, succeeded by the trampling of horses.—Dreading any danger to her friend, Rosa rushed wildly from the cave, calling aloud on the name of Reginald : no answer was returned, and she ventured boldly onward, till her progress was impeded by some object on the ground. Not doubting but that it was Reginald, she raised the person in her arms, and in gentle accents inquired if he was hurt ; but it was a stranger to whom she addressed herself, and she succeeded with difficulty in assisting to the cave a youth who had been wounded by some banditti in the forest. Rosa bound his wounds with some of her own linen, but restoratives she had none, and the stranger remained several hours insensible to her care ; at length, opening his eyes, and fixing them on the interesting figure of Rosa, he exclaimed—“ Sweet spirit ! for in this dreary spot I can scarcely believe thee mortal, how have I become the object of thy tender charity ?” Rosa, unused to the refinement of language, knew not what to make of this speech : “ Compose yourself, Signior,” said she ; “ you have been much hurt ; you are in friendly hands, and all I can do for you I will do with pleasure ; perhaps to-morrow we may get better assistance.”—“ Are you alone in this dreary cave ?” asked the stranger.—“ At present, I am ; but I have a very dear protector, who will soon return.” At that moment it occurred to Rosa, that probably Reginald would be displeased at this new intruder ; yet she thought him too good to condemn an act of humanity, and she eagerly wished for morning, which she doubted not would either bring him or Arnold to the cottage. Her hopes were confirmed by the early appearance of the wood-cutter : he listened to her account with surprise and pity, and assured the stranger, that if he found himself able to accompany him through the forest, he should be accommodated with respect and kindness at the cottage. To this the youth readily assented, and leaning on the arm of the benevolent Arnold, after expressing himself with all the energy of admiration and gratitude to Rosa, he

departed. The artless girl, who had never before beheld a form so attractive, suffered her eyes to express the sentiment he had raised in her inexperienced bosom, and assured him in the simple accents of sincerity, that she should be happy to hear of his recovery.

About the middle of the day Reginald returned; Rosa flew to his arms with rapture, and welcomed him a thousand times;—delight sparkled in his eyes: “And are you really glad to see me, Rosa?”—“Can you doubt it, my only—my best friend!” was her reply.—“Then I have pleasing tidings to impart,” returned he cheerfully; “you shall accompany me to Naples; we will live there in splendour and happiness, my girl!—you shall be my wife!”—“Wife!” repeated Rosa—“how is that? I do not understand you.”—Reginald smiled: “I will explain it to you, my love.—In civilized society it is common for two people of different sexes, who feel the warmest attachment of friendship for each other, to be bound together in the most sacred manner, according to the form of the established religion. When two persons are thus united, the bond is indissoluble but by death; their property and interest become mutual; they are wholly dependent on each other; they live together by day and by night; their children are lawful, and can inherit their property; and they live happily and respectably in the eyes of the world; neither has the power to make another choice, but must behold every other object with indifference.” Reginald paused—some unaccountable emotion choaked his utterance, and he anxiously awaited Rosa’s answer.—She, too, hesitated: at length—“I think I understand you now,” said she, innocently: “all you have told me is very desirable, except the last observation you made. I wish to know how it would be possible to behold every other object with indifference, if they happened to be more agreeable and amiable than the person one happened to be united to?” Reginald started: “So, so!” said he, “is this nature?”—“You do not reply, Sir,” cried Rosa.—With some sternness Reginald answered—“By the power of virtue, girl! when once a person knows their duties to be sacred, the performance of them becomes easy and practicable.” Reginald spoke not from conviction, nor could he convince Rosa, who, nevertheless, fearful of offending him,

readily consented to accompany him to Naples. She then related to him, with the utmost candour, what had occurred during her absence: when she mentioned the letters his colour rose, and his agitation was extreme; but when she described the wounded cavalier, and dwelt on his interesting manners, his eyes flashed fire, and Rosa shrank appalled from his angry glances!—Her terror recalled him to a sense of the impropriety of his conduct: he feared to disgust her, and changing his tone, said mildly—"I am not angry with you, dear Rosa; you have done but what is right; pardon the impetuosity of my feelings, and listen with attention to a recital which, though painful to myself to enter upon, is now fully necessary.—But tell me honestly, Rosa, do not you prefer this handsome stranger to your friend Reginald?"—"What a question!" replied Rosa, blushing: "he has, indeed, a most pleasing countenance, and a majestic figure: and then his voice is so soft and so persuasive, that—that—one cannot but admire him!—But, you know, my dear sir, I have loved you so many years, that I can never prefer a stranger to you."—Reginald sighed: "Well, well!" said he; I will not urge you farther on this subject—but it grows late—we will retire for the night—to-morrow will be time enough for my story—at present I am exhausted, both in mind and body." Rosa kissed his hand, and they retired to rest.

On the following day they were visited at an early hour by Arnold: he gave Rosa the most satisfactory assurance that his guest was in a fair way of doing well; and hinted to her, that his anxiety was great to see and thank once more his fair preserver. Rosa knew not what to reply; but she was spared the trouble by Reginald, who immediately disclosed to Arnold his intention of quitting the cave.—"This night," said he, "you must endeavour to procure us accommodation in the village, as your house is too small to admit of such an increase."—"You are mistaken, Sir," replied Arnold; "we can manage tolerably well.—Rosa, I dare say, will have no objection to partake of my daughter's bed; Lucius, since the strange gentleman has been among us, has slept with me, and our best bed is still at your service."—"I thank you," replied Reginald; "I prefer your offer to being thrown among strangers, therefore will accept

it: to-morrow, if every thing can be properly arranged, we set out for Naples. I consider myself much indebted to you for past services, and will not forget the obligation; I have also many instructions to give you this night---at sun-set you may expect us." Arnold was full of wonder; but he was too much awed by the dignified manner of Reginald to express the least hint of what he thought; he therefore bowed respectfully, and soon after departed. After partaking their usual repast, which no longer was confined to hermits' fare, but consisted of palatable though plain food, and was furnished every day by the assiduous woodman at a moderate expence, Reginald drew his seat nearer to Rosa, and taking her hand fondly between his own, endeavoured to impress her mind with a sense of the strong affection he felt for her: "When you have heard my story, Rosa," said he, "you will be better able to judge of the strength of the regard which can induce me once more to enter into scenes which I once flew from with horror. My injuries, Rosa, will excite pity in your tender breast. I thank Heaven, the clouds which have so long obscured my prospects are now gradually dispersing---happiness may yet be mine, if blest with the confidence and affection of my Rosa!" He then proceeded to enter on the particulars of his life in the following words---

(*To be continued.*)

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Full Dress.—Train of fine worked Muslin, tied up the left Side with Bows of Pink Ribbon—the Body of Pink Sarsnet, and the Sleeves striped alternate with Pink and White Sarsnet—Hair fashionably drest, with a Band of Pearls—Gloves of Straw-colour.

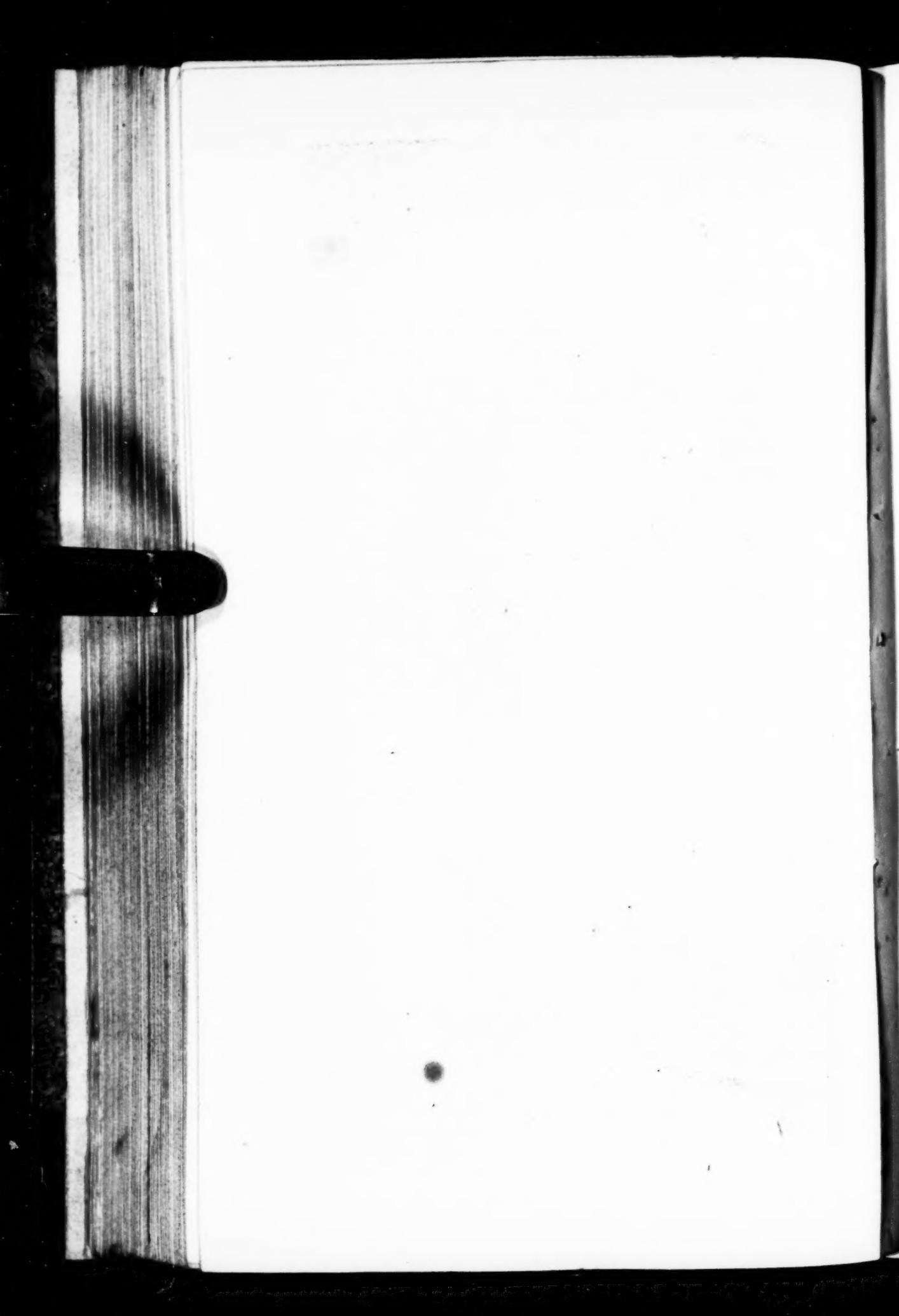
Morning Dress.—Fawn-coloured Kerseymere Pelisse, trimmed with White Velvet, and rich Border of Embossed Velvet.—Bonnet the same as Pelisse, trimmed with Swansdown and White Tassels.



MORNING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published by Turner, Hood & Sharp, Poultry, Feb 1, 1807



THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

A PENSIVE TRIBUTE

To the Immortal Memory

OF THE

RIGHT HONOUBLE WILLIAM PITT.

BY J. M. L.

We have to apologize to our kind friend for our long delay in inserting his excellent lines: a delay occasioned by circumstances which were out of the power of the present Editor to avoid.

WHEN late the world's best champion sank in death,
Yielding on vict'ry's honour'd bed his breath,
No pen, however humble in its powers,
From poets mean to Academic bowers,
But strove, with fair and emulative fame,
To wreath the palm of praise round NELSON's name.

Scarce was the hero shrin'd within his tomb,
Ere Chatham's Son, great PITT, met nature's doom;
In manhood droop'd, the sacrifice of care,
And left a world to mourn his talents rare;
Yet scarce one plaintive bard essay'd to prove,
The vastness of his patriotic love.
Trembling I come to pour the pensive strain,
The last and least of all the tuneful train.

But how shall I attempt to give the meed
 Due to the mem'ry of each matchless deed:
 Thy mind, oh ! Pitt, was vast, by Heav'n 'twas fir'd,
 The foes of England fear'd thee, and admir'd :—
 What eloquence was his when yet quite young,
 A wond'ring senate on each accent hung :
 Still for his country's honour 'twas he strove,
 With noble daring, and with loyal love :
 On this intent with bold undaunted mind,
 Opposing discord he was doom'd to find :
 But yet unshaken, he pursued his course,
 Unaw'd by babblers, fearless of their force ;
 Advanced his nation's glory, and its name,
 High on the scroll of European fame ;
 Scorn'd all the greedy arts of lucre's pow'r,
 And gave to honour's ways his ev'ry hour !
 Fair gratitude in him conspicuous shone,
 And each endearing virtue was his own :
 His beamy track the eye of envy saw,
 Scowl'd at his power, but bent with trembling awe,
 Whilst viper'd malice grinn'd a ghastly frown,
 And strove to pull the noble fabric down :
 Still to each art superior, bold he rose,
 And for his country sacrific'd repose ;
 Nor only that, for health soon lost its pow'r,
 And pale disease destroy'd each happier hour :
 But when the pulse of life with feeble throes,
 Shew'd that he sunk to nature's final close ;
 While yet one ray of reason mark'd his mind,
 Long as articulation he could find ;
 On Britain turn'd each life departing thought,
 With this his latest accents too were fraught ;
 For, " Oh ! my country !" faintly then he cried,
 Cast an imploring eye to Heav'n, and died!!!

June 14th, 1806.

BIRTH DAY LINES,

Addressed to a child of three years of age, who was very amiable in temper, but violent in passion.

ONCE more my dear * Seigneur with joy I proclaim
 The day of your birth—and extol your bright fame ;
 Two years are elapsed, since your friend first address'd
 The child whom she loves—and has often caress'd ;

* See some lines in the Museum of August 1804, addressed to Seigneur Sogalini.

You then, dearest Lambart, had seen twelve moons run,
 But now you have thrice view'd that orb, called the sun
 Encircle this planet—no, there I mistake,
 For thrice has this world, with the twist of a snake,
 Moved round that bright orb—since first you appear'd,
 To bless both your parents—and make them endear'd;
 For children are said to increase the delight
 Of wedlock—and make the chain easy, and light ;
 May you, then, dear Lambart, the soft league entwine,
 And make Hymen's lamp more effulgently shine.—
 But now let me say a few words to yourself,
 You sly little rogue—and *intelligent elf*.
Squallini, you know, is a name I once gave
 From the strength of those lungs—which allow'd you to rave ;
 Yet Seigneur Squallini, you now must be told
 That to scream is a *shame*—as you *are* three years old,
 You can tell all your wants, and express your desires,
 And screaming is that which no creature admires ;
 From this day, my dear Lambart, then you must contr^{rib}
 Those passions, which wage a fierce war in the soul ;—
 Your temper is sweet—and your nature is kind,
 Yet still to your failings I cannot be blind :
 For to *passion*, my love, you alas ! are prone,
 But the fault is your *father's*—for you are his *bone*
 And *flesh* I might add—and as to your mother
 She's no chip in porridge, any more than the other ;
 But her *heart*—dearest boy, of that may you share,
 For where shall we find a heart to compare,
 With that of the mother, from whom you derive
 That being—which long may your God keep alive ?
 Long, long may you live, and your actions proclaim
 You worthy of bearing an * eminent name.
 And may you, dear Lambart, pass through this world free
 From those quicksands and shoals which are hid in life's sea ;
 May your bark ever sail on a surface that's clear,
 And becomes more translucent, at each closing year,
 May your virtues expand, as those years shall increase,
 And old age be a season of comfort and peace !

M. P.

June 8th.

ABSENCE.

Farewell, dear Nurs'dale, adieu to thy fountains ;
 Thy hills, and thy vales, and thy miniature mountains ;
 Thy rocks, and thy streams, and thy meadows so gay,
 And thy woods, where the sun-beams illumine the way.

* Lambart, Earl of Cavan, the child's grandfather.

Farewell, ye dear landscapes, with pain I depart,
Tho' I visit my friends, friends dear to my heart ;
Yet with you could I dwell, nor be heard to repine,
Tho' the votaries of fashion might call me supine.

And often the while shall my wandering thoughts stray
To the juvenile scenes, of hope, frolic, and play ;
But the sunshine of hope is now set in the west,
And its rays only faintly beam on the depress'd.

Then, tho' dark clouds arise, and bleak tempests may low'r,
And gathering mists portending a shower ;
Yet the sun in its splendour, with conquering ray,
May repel the black clouds, and restore the bright day.

August 1806.

MARY.

REAL BEAUTY.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within ?
What, the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?
No ! these at first the inward heart may gain,
But those, those only, can the heart retain.

LINES,

TO A YOUNG LADY.

PERMIT, mild maid, my pen to pour,
To you its humble praise ;
Again to tell thee I adore,
In truth's unpolish'd lays.

To paint each charm I'll not employ
The fulsome, flatt'ring line ;
Thy mind would spurn the worthless toy,
Where sense and virtue shine.

But ev'ry soft and gentle grace
Belong, lov'd maid, to you ;
Thy image time can ne'er efface,
Where love each feature drew.

And in my breast thy form doth live,
 My ev'ry thought's of thee ;
 Oh ! dearest girl, then deign to give
 A smile of hope to me.

J. M. L.

ADDRESS

TO MY NATIVE SHORES.

YE cliffs ! where wand'ring at the break of day,
 I caught the fleeting vapours of the night ;
 Saw the full Sun in rising glory play,
 And lead the blushing morning into light :
 Where clamb'ring oft thy chalky heights among,
 I mark'd the vessel gliding from the shore,
 Or stretcht at even', heard the boatman's song
 Rise in rough cadence to the splashing oar.

Adieu!—An exile from my peaceful home
 And scenes endear'd by ev'ry native tie,
 I wander forth to tempt yon waste of foam,
 And seek for comfort 'neath a foreign sky ;
 Till pitying love, propitious to my pray'r,
 Grant me again to tread thy tow'ry steep ;
 Or death, more lenient than the haughty fair,
 Wrap this shrunk form in a long lasting sleep!

RUHTRA NYLMAH.

TO MY BROTHER.

WHO was it taught my hand to write,
 To stain with ink the spotless white,
 And gave me every dear delight ?
 My brother.

In infancy my joy and care,
 Yes, ev'ry thought thou then didst share,
 Now, from my bosom fate does tear
 My brother.

Dear partner of my childish plays,
 With thee I've pass'd my happiest days,
 But now I cannot on thee gaze,
 My brother !

For now thou seek'st a foreign land,
 On De la Plata's distant strand
 In my mind's eye I see thee stand,
 My brother!

Soon may sweet Peace our island grace,
 Then thou canst leave that distant place,
 And I with transport shall embrace
 My brother.

And when thou com'st, oh! settle here,
 Then I no more will shed a tear,
 Or for thy safety feel a fear,
 My brother!

And if thou had'st a tender mate,
 Of temper mild, like thine sedate,
 I should not wish thee rich or great,
 My brother.

But far from folly, care and strife,
 May'st thou be blest with such a wife
 Whose tenderness may sweeten life,
 My brother.

And should it please kind Heaven to send
 Besides this bliss, a faithful friend,
 Then may these blessings never end,
 My brother.

SONNET

TO SYMPATHY.

HAIL, dear enchantress of the gen'rous soul!
 Offspring of virtue pure, and spotless love;
 Whether with tearful eye thou lov'st to rove
 With shipwreck'd wretches 'neath the frozen pole,
 Or where of war the gory chariots roll;
 Where fond Affection seeks the cypress grove,
 Or mis'ry's moans thy tenderest anguish move.
 O! let my bosom own thy soft control!

And, while to thee I tune the fervid strings,
 What tho' they glow not with a Petrarch's fire?
 Still let me find beneath thy placid wings
 Some friendly shelter from misfortune's ire !
 And bid the artless muse, as wild she sings,
 Each sorrowing breast with heav'nly hope inspire !

W. H.

ACROSTIC.

H ush tender throbs ! ye fluttering fond desires
 A h ! your soft influence in pity cease,
 'R apt fancies hush—nor more with luring fires
 R ise in this breast to steal its wonted peace !
 I n vain, alas ! in this fond heart ye heave,
 E vanid gleams hope's soul-inspiring ray,
 T h' illusive flatt'rer smiles but to deceive,
 E ternal gloom now clouds my cheerless way !
 L ost to all thoughts but those which *love* inspires,
 I n this lorn breast no more wild ardor burns,
 Z eal glows no longer with her patriot fires,
 A h ! for each thought—to *thee*, sweet *Harriet* turns !
 B right as the radiance of the rising morn,
 A h ! let *one glance* these sadden'd eyes rehume ;
 B less with *one smile* th' enamour'd heart forlorn,
 I ngulph'd *without thee* in endureless gloom !
 N ow as the 'nighted trav'ller in despair
 G azes where first the long-wish'd gleam appears
 T hat guides his lonesome way, and chases all his fears,
 O ! in *thy smile* let me *his transports* share,
 N or doom me to a fate, beyond my pow'r to bear !

W. F.

CHARADES.

WHEN some fond youth is deep in love,
 He tells his sorrows to the grove,
 And thinks his ease the very worst ;
 But should the fair one deign to smile,
 Soon he will change his pensive style,
 Declaring that she is *my first*.

Embolden'd by the smile so bland,
 Should he solicit her fair hand,

Or boldly steal a soft embrace :
 Sudden, a swift suffusing blush,
 Will through each burning feature rush,
 And like *my second* make her face.

If wedlock binds the happy pair,
 They bid adieu to cank'ring care,
 And instantly become *my whole* ;
 For father, mother, brother dear,
 Are not as man and wife so near,
 Closest relations of the soul.

J. M. L.

VIEW luckless Stella at Quadrille
 With every ruffled grace,
 My *first* if single she should hold,
 It helps to smooth her face.

And, when array'd in bright attire,
 Bright Stella you shall meet ;
 My *next* gives neatness to the maid,
 And makes her dress complete.

To supper, if the nymph incline,
 My *whole* shall quick be there.
 The prison's walls with which I'm clos'd
 Can't keep me from the fair.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORNELIA is informed that the *White Serjeant* has been discontinued in consequence of disapprobation expressed by many of our Subscribers. (Apprehensions of the same disapprobation compel us to decline inserting Theodore Blab's "Triumphs of Stratagem.") Her communications shall appear as she has desired. We beg leave to acquaint her that the *Wrapper* of the Museum is out of the jurisdiction of the Editor.

To the polite note of W. F. the present number contains, we hope, an acceptable answer.

If Emily will favor us with the Biographical Sketches to which she alludes, we shall have no objection to insert them, under proper restrictions.

We think J. M. L. is mistaken in his *calculation*. All his communications, which came to the hands of the present Editor, have been inserted, except "Friendship and Love," which shall shortly appear.

If R. T. O. has not received a letter from the Editor by the twopenny post, he will find one lying for him at our publishers. Neither "The Debtor's Thoughts in Prison," nor his letter concerning them, have ever reached us.

The elegant translation from Simonides shall appear next month, as also the "Anecdotes of Distinguished Females" will appear next month.





Duchess of St Albans.

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